

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

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THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

MARCH spells blustering winds
to some, and strong kicks of
a passing winter. To us it sug-
gests the idea of movement. We
find that Maryknoll is making
progress, as our readers will note
by the report on page 42, and ours
is a fervent "thank God."

Our readers are becoming more
numerous and very friendly, so
friendly that we wonder if other
'idea-disgorgers' get as much com-
fort from their victims as we do
from ours. When THE FIELD
AFAR opened its lips a little more
than nine years ago, its voice was
so low that it could hardly be
heard beyond the quite restricted
limits of Greater Boston, a much-
abused place whose people are
falsely accused of being intellec-
tual up to their eyebrows and bald
from too much thought-concentra-
tion. To-day, from the big metrop-
olis of New York as a centre,
THE FIELD AFAR speaks, still
softly, but with a carrying voice
that follows live wires into every
State of the Union, into Canada,
and over the seas to all other con-
tinents.

Now don't think that we are
vain or satisfied. We might, of
course, be vain and not know it, as
is the case with most vain peo-
ple, but we are far from being
satisfied and we do know it.
Figures tell our progress, but
figures also reveal how many of
your friends there are who ought
to know us and who don't.

The *Seventeenth*, too, causes a
heart-flutter when we connect it

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with March. The feast of St.
Patrick is at our doors; perhaps,
as you read, it has come and gone.

In a string of great cities along
the coast of Eastern Asia, genial
Irish gentlemen, far from home,
have gathered and celebrated the
feast with song and toasts—and
something different from toast.
They have done likewise in this
country and in some places have
expressed their joy by splendid
parades. But how can we at
Maryknoll make merry over St.
Patrick's Day, when his burse is
allowed to lag far behind in our
procession?

We can pray to the dear saint,
however, and our aspirant apostles
do,—every day. And those among
them who owe to his zeal the
blessed gift of faith, ask often
that their own lives may follow
along the lines that marked his.

This is also St. Joseph's month.
We have yet to announce a com-
plete burse in his honor, but St.
Joseph has constantly provided

for so many of our needs that we hesitate to call attention to the present position of his burse on our list.

* *
THE parish of Albion, N. Y., (diocese of Buffalo), goes on record as the first in our experience to interest itself in an individual foreign mission student. The zealous pastor, Rev. Francis Sullivan, suggested this idea recently to the Parish Committee, with the result that for the next six years \$125 will be sent regularly to Maryknoll for the education of a priest. A like amount, pledged by an unnamed friend and extending over the same period, will complete the sum (\$250) required yearly for the support of one of our students.

* *
PENNSYLVANIA, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, and California were our principal contributors for 1915, as outlined in the report spread before our readers on page 42.

Massachusetts was the birthplace of THE FIELD AFAR and remains loyal. New York received with open arms the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions. Pennsylvania supplied a Bethlehem for the Venard Apostolic School and is looking forward to its return, perhaps this year. Rhode Island, which to us spells the diocese of Providence, has, from the time THE FIELD AFAR was started and before, expressed its friendship in many ways.

But California is surprising us with kindnesses. We do not mean that California is not always kind, but we often wonder, as we receive letters and remittances from that great State, what Providence has in store for us on the other side of the continent. This much is evident. If our young missionaries go to the Far East, the Pacific Coast must be their jumping-off station, and we foresee, therefore, the need of at least a resting-place in or near one of the Pacific steamship ports. Where shall we be welcome?

DID you read that under the direction of Monsignor Dunn, the New York Archdiocese gathered last year for foreign missions more than \$190,000? If you did read this, it was undoubtedly in some Catholic paper, because the item would not be thought 'newsy' enough for the secular press.

What of it if the million Catholics of New York gave a couple of hundred thousand dollars toward foreign missions? Yet we remember when, not long before THE FIELD AFAR was born, the announcement that two hundred thousand dollars had been contributed for this purpose by all the Catholics of America, excited in some quarters a dreadful fear lest the Church at home should be impoverished. The Church at home has gained and will gain more in proportion as the missionary spirit advances. But even to-day it is doubtful if all America sends much more than a half-million of dollars annually to the foreign missions,—hardly one-half of one per cent. of what the generous-hearted American Catholics give to religious needs in their own country.

The influence of this New York diocesan contribution will be far-reaching, however, as will also the efforts of several other dioceses whose directors are working valiantly to push the idea and to gather returns. We know, too, that in our present stage of missionary development, the results accomplished by Monsignor Dunn are little short of marvelous. They are certainly providential in this trying period of deserted missions and dried-up sources of supply.

The Field Afar has no paid agents and desires none unless they are highly recommended by their pastor and work with his approval. This does not, however, prevent our readers from securing subscribers among their friends. It is, in fact, by this means especially, that our circulation has grown.

The Maryknoll Pin.



(The above cut suggests the form of our pin, which is a trifle larger and more perfectly designed.)

This emblem, used often in Maryknoll publications, has attracted the attention of many. It is made up of two Greek letters in a monogram, X-Chi (pronounce like key) and P-Rho (pronounce like roe). They are the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies "Mission of Christ to the World," the mission for which all at Maryknoll are striving.

The pin is made of golden bronze. It is very neat and easily attached to the garments. On the reverse side are the words:

Catholic Foreign Missions,
Maryknoll : : N. Y.

Price, postpaid, twenty-five cents.

THE *Sunday Estate*, of Chicago, has appeared only lately, but it has already emphasized, editorially, the need of quickening the foreign mission spirit in our country. Whether it is the parish or the individual or the Catholic publication that champions the world-wide cause of Christ, a favorable reaction always results, and we wish the *Sunday Estate* a speedy realization of this experience.

671 new subscribers was our record for January. These came largely through friendly subscribers already on our list.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to any one address:

10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00
25 " " " 10.00
50 " " " 20.00
100 " " " 40.00

Jottings.

"T takes pluck to subscribe for your kind of goods," writes an American traveler in Kobe, Japan, who does not seem to have much confidence in

'Jappy' M. O's.

We learn with particular interest that in the "Sophomore Corridor" of Boston College special bulletin-space has been reserved for "Maryknoll Notes."

"When I feel sad," writes a Montreal subscriber, "I take up THE FIELD AFAR and finish with a smile that does me good. I am trying to make the paper more widely known in Canada."

A seminary professor sent us a few weeks ago a list of fifty 'victims' and accompanied it with a check sufficient to provide each with THE FIELD AFAR for a year. Our sleeves are rolled up, Doctor. Thank you!

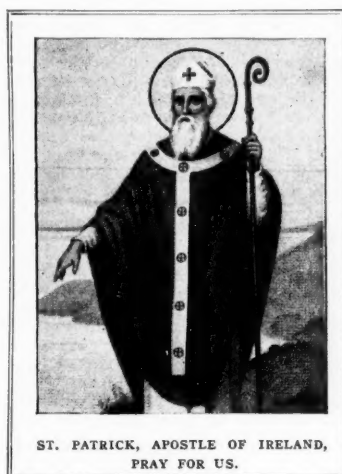
The announcement of our Archbishop Williams Burse pleased Boston people along the line even to San Francisco, for, like baked beans, the Bostonese and the Boston sneeze can be found in about any settled locality of this republic.

A League of Prayer has been started

For God and America. All the faithful are invited to join and the requirements are very simple. Those interested are asked to send their names for enrollment to Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point, N. Y.

Of our new book, *Field Afar Tales, the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* says:

This book of twenty stories and sixteen illustrations cannot fail to interest and even fascinate the reader. We doubt whether he will be able to close it with dry eyes or a heart void of sympathy for the cause it advocates—the conversion of heathen lands. We wish for it a wide circulation.



ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND,
PRAY FOR US.

Da mihi animas, Domine!

For souls I yearn, for souls I pray.
Those who but now have gone astray,
Those who have never known the way,
Give me these souls for Thee to win
Back from the weary path of sin!
Far from the Fold their feet have been,
O Jesus, Shepherd, call them in!
Morning and evening hear me pray:
Da mihi animas, Domine!

—Sr. M. T.

Our calendar for 1916 pulled a few dollars out of our stocking-toe, but it did our hearts good to read the many messages of thanks that came back from pleased subscribers. We are already convinced that this yearly tribute to our friends brings its own reward and we hope to continue supplying them with dates.

The *St. Dominic Burse* is about to take long and rapid strides, thanks to no less a personage than the Very Rev. Provincial of that historic Society. Fr. Meagher has written a letter of appeal for every house under his spiritual care, and as the Dominican family has cultivated the fine trait of heeding its father's requests, we have no doubt of results.

Our sealing stamps sell for ten cents a dozen.

From the Pittsburgh Diocese.

FOR the fourth consecutive year we have received a thousand-dollar check from the Diocesan Missionary Aid Society of Pittsburgh, Pa. We are certainly fortunate, and we are deeply grateful to Bishop Canevin and his growing Society for this considerable help.

The Missionary Aid Society of the Diocese of Pittsburgh is quite unique. To its fund every parish contributes at least a half of one per cent. of the yearly gross income. In February of each year the apportionment is made among several missionary organizations and individual missions. Maryknoll, as a recent beneficiary, is at the foot of the list and will be satisfied to hold on. It begins to look as if Pittsburgh is getting into the habit of thinking about us at the proper moment. Let us hope so.

At the request of any subscriber who sends us either one new Associate Subscription or two new Ordinary Subscriptions, we will forward, free, our Maryknoll pin, the growingly popular Chi Rho (key-roe).

European mission seminaries all along the line bewail their diminished ranks. The spiritual director of La Consolata, in Turin, a comparatively new seminary, writes:

We are in the din of war, with its consequent distress and strain on missions and mission seminaries. We have now in the army twenty young men and five priests, all in the medical corps except one. Yet I shall not fail to send you our best and heartiest wishes, intending them to be, first, an expression of the unquenchable apostolic love that unites our works and of the ever-increasing material and spiritual prosperity we wish for your Society, and, secondly, a cry of the soul for the speedy return of the kingdom of peace, which may bring all the world under the sweet yoke of the Prince of Peace. Heartiest congratulations for the prospering Seminary and the Vénard School, and for the ever cheery FIELD AFAR!



SINCE our last issue, we have received letters from the following missionaries:

AFRICA—

Fr. Renckens, Lwala; Fr. Röttgering, Nyenga.

CHINA—

Fr. Kennelly, Shanghai; Fr. Jarreau, Hoi-Hao; Fr. Fraser, Taichowfu; Fr. Robert, Hongkong; Sr. Xavier, Chusan; Srs. of the Immaculate Conception, Canton; Sr. M. Bernardine, Chefoo.

INDIA—

Archbishop Aelen, Madras; Archbishop Morel, Pondichery; Fr. Leblanc, Karikal; Fr. Jos. D'Souza, Mattigiri; Fr. Dominic, Trevandrum.

OCEANIA—

Fr. Francis, Honolulu.

We acknowledge letters and photographs from:

AFRICA—

Fr. MacLoone, Nagalama; Fr. Willem, Nagongera.

CHINA—

Fr. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo; Fr. Mathias Lao, Yeongkong; Sr. Gabriel O'Sullivan, Shanghai.

OCEANIA—

Bishop Bertréux, Solomon Islands; Fr. Gonnet, Fiji.

"The promise is to you, and to all that are far off, whomsoever the Lord our God shall call."—Acts II. 39.

AFRICA.

It came a little late for Christmas, arriving, as it did, January 31st. It was a piece of bark-cloth from Uganda, stiffened with some second-hand cardboard from—perhaps the United States—and decorated with a little coal-black baby in white trunks. Within we read:

All the way from Central Africa,
From a wee priest of Donegal,
B. J. MACLOONE.

High Mass in Uganda is the subject of Fr. Röttgering's latest letter and the following extract will enable our readers to form an appreciation of this service in British East Africa:

At the sound of the drum, the people start leisurely for church. Not

knowing the luxury of watches, they have no worry in regard to time. The women chatter and the men discuss native politics, but all conversation stops as often as a new-comer arrives. Then a whole litany of salutations is gone through and there is not the least sign of annoyance if, when it is scarcely finished, somebody else joins the party and starts the litany over again.

When finally the last call of the drum has sounded and the congregation has assembled in the church, the priest intones, quite according to rubrics, the *Asperges me*. There is a moment's pause. Then everybody sings the response as he knows it. Sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses all go ahead at full steam, and from the accumulation of noises comes forth something like *hyspos es mus-damos*. (The natives like the letter *s*, especially where it does not belong.) So the Mass begins, as it ends, with much good-will and bad music.

Fr. Renckens, a young Dutch priest of the Mill Hill Seminary, is over in Uganda with Bishop Biermans and writes:

A year ago our band of five missionaries arrived in Mombasa. After I had spent three months in the country, I was appointed to assist a very able and zealous priest in the glorious work of opening a new mission. I set out with joy on my unexpected but not unwelcome holiday trip of two hundred miles by bicycle.

On our arrival we found that some sort of mud-house had been put up for us. One part served as chapel, another as bed-room, and a third as sitting-room, dining-room, and reception-room. I thought this abode looked pretty fair for temporary use, but when night came, I had to change my idea somewhat. A strong African wind warned us that rain was at hand and at the same time kindly extinguished the light. The rain fell heavily and played its part as much inside the house as outside. We did not know where to seek shelter, but still we were happy. We were in a new mission—that was enough.

Our station is situated in a very populous district and the people are eager to be instructed. We have not yet been able to extend the number of our catechumenates beyond four, but we count already some four hundred readers. Were it not for the war, we should build more schools, send out more teachers, and thus without doubt be able to rapidly increase the number of readers. But it is the same with this as with our nice little plan of erecting a small church—we must wait. I hope to give you better news later.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may be secured gradually in as many payments as desired, provided the sum of fifty dollars is reached within two years from the date of the first payment.

Some verses have arrived from Uganda, and as we read them and think of poor Fr. Rogan on his sick-bed, we feel as if another regiment had come up to take the place of that which was mowed down. Life is a warfare.

There are poets and—poets, rhymsters and hucksters, Greeks and Romans, artists and 'startists.' Here is one of the other kind, who was born with a Dutch spoon in his mouth, to which later he added one of sterling silver with an English hall-mark. He writes (in part):

I used to rhyme at school
And 'twas a heavy job;
But there at least 'twas cool,
Of sweat one lost no drop(b).

But here far in the wild
One feels so much the sun,
To draw it very mild,
One rhymes not for the fun.

The missionary pioneer
Collects two thousand words;
The language is then clear,
But for rhymes he finds few words.

To students of the Knoll
I give now this advice:
Sing "do, re, mi, fa, sol,"
Make also rhymes sometimes.

Harmonium I played
When I was at Mill Hill;
To miss it is my fate,
Though I would like it still.

If any one can spare
Some dollars to buy one,
Then he or she will share
In good which here is done.

Address is Uganda,
Jac Willemen, and so
To reach Nagongera,
Write Embale P. O.

This good priest really needs a harmonium.

Send for a Chi Rho (key-roe) and wear it. See page 34.

TONG-KING.

Our cry of "give us our daily bread" has found an echo in the heart of Fr. Cothonay, who writes, "I sing the same song on the banks of the Song-Ti-Kong, with only a slight variation—"give us our daily rice." Continuing his letter, Fr. Cothonay gives us an interesting description of some heathen customs:

Our nearest neighbor is dead. He was a very old man and had been a colonel in the Annamite army. In the early days of the conquest the French made him a great mandarin, but he cut off so many heads, it is said, that he was 'honorably discharged.'

His children and all his family are heathens, as he himself had been. But a priest who knew that the patriarch had some leaning towards the Faith, sent an old Christian woman to visit him in his last illness. She found him, when alone, willing to become a Christian, instructed him summarily, and baptized him a few days before he died. May his soul be with God!

The dead man's children are giving him a grand funeral. For three days a dozen or more women have been weeping and lamenting several times during the day and night, while the *tam-tam* is beaten nearly all the time. About a hundred people, relatives or friends, have been feasting in the house or the garden, talking so loud that you would say they were quarreling. They seem, indeed, to be having a good time.

There are many banners floating around the house and along the road. These standards bear inscriptions in big Chinese letters, narrating the virtues and distinguished deeds of the warrior. Various shrines containing idols are carried by four men and in one of these shrines is the portrait of our great mandarin.

What superstitions have been practiced during these three days! On the first day the son, dressed in European *khaki* and carrying in his hand the naked sword of his father, went to the river, followed by several weeping women. There a man cast a big, green branch of bamboo into the stream. All stood for a time looking at it, while the women mourned more loudly than ever; then they returned to the house, the son still holding the naked sword. I inquired about the meaning of this ceremony, but nobody could explain it.

Now at last they are taking the coffin to the grave. What a noise! Before the dead man are borne about thirty banners, five shrines, ten kinds of musical instruments, and a great number of paper horses, paper women,

paper chairs, and paper tables. These last will be burned at the grave and so sent to the abode of the deceased man's soul, there to be transformed into living horses, real chairs, etc. Much gold and silver paper is also carried, that it, too, may be burned and magically changed in the Elysian country into real gold and silver. Poor people! I myself weep in my impotency to lead them in the true way of salvation.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Away over in the Solomon Islands Bishop Bertreux is think-



IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS,
WHERE ALTAR-BOYS TREAD SOFTLY.
(Photo sent by Bishop Bertreux.)

ing of our young Seminary. In a recent letter he writes:

Blessed be Divine Providence, which at the propitious moment inspired the thought of establishing an American Seminary for Foreign Missions! This work becomes more than ever necessary on account of the terrible European War and its consequences.

Religio depopulata! Alas, how well the words apply to-day to the Catholic countries that up to the present time gave to Holy Church legions of missionaries! And what will these countries be able to do on the morrow of the cataclysm which has wrought universal destruction? How much time

TO TRAIN AN APOSTLE.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship for the Seminary at Maryknoll or for our Apostolic School, see page 46.

will they need to repair their own ruins? Poor missions of France and Belgium, formerly so flourishing and so rich in promise!

Fill up quickly all your ranks at Maryknoll. *Intende, prospere procede, et regna!* But I warn you that when the first band of your apostles going to China or Japan, passes near our islands, I shall stop a half-dozen of them that they may work here with us for the conversion of our poor savages.

I have lost five missionaries recently and not one of them has yet been replaced. Pray for this unfortunate mission, hitherto so prosperous and now so tried. The figures for last year give 3,995 Catholics and 37,147 Communions. There are still 100,000 cannibals to be converted.

INDIA.

He signs himself "A black and brown Acquaintance of the Beggar of Beggars and the Best of Them All," but his real name is Fr. Joseph Vincent D'Souza and he is a native Indian priest. Here is a part of his letter.

Men are men the world over and I am a bit like you, Fr. Editor. When something good is said about me, I clap my hands and never miss an opportunity of telling it to anybody and everybody. (The waste-basket alone knows a few damaging secrets.) My Vicar-General has lately spoken very pleasantly of my work. I just begin to like him for that, as I like all kind folks who act thus.

The Vicar-General congratulates our good friend on his growing parish and says that the way in which his people have given up toddy-drinking is "simply marvellous." But he—of necessity—"turns down" our correspondent's request for a motor-cycle.

To many of our missionaries America is "the land of dollars" and we should not be surprised if in their dreams they see themselves picking up gold-bricks in

our streets. Good Fr. Leblanc voices a common sentiment when he writes:

Far from the theatre of war, I am nevertheless in the spiritual 'trenches.' My enemy is the devil, whom I pull by the queue, and, without ammunition, "I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains, whence help shall come to me."

When one has not a penny to his name, how can he help looking with envy, away from the parched plains of India, upon the fertile mountains of America, where grow the golden trees—"dollar-trees?" If the wind would shake off some of this fruit and bring it here, it would certainly be welcome. It would, moreover, profit its owners a hundredfold, for I would place it in a famous bank, one which will never fail, "where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Well, dear Father, come over to this country, but don't fail to buy a spade either before or after arrival.

We untraveled Americans—not that all Americans stay at home, even if some should—find it hard to realize that any Asiatic can speak our language, yet here is proof to the contrary, found in a letter which we give exactly as it is written:

I received THE FIELD AFAR—a "marked copy." As I furiously turned over the pages to learn the reason for such a special favor, I discovered: "Our readers will be interested in this letter, which was written in English by a native Indian priest....."

Never mind the readers. I was interested more than anybody else and gave a broad, complacent smile—the best I could afford. A wag noticed it, and as he peeped in, the italics "*in English*" caught his eye. He knew quite well what you meant. But you realize what wags are; they will never give up their tricks.

"Hello!" he said, "in what other language could you write? Does the Editor read gibberish or the Tamil jargon?"

"I don't know," said I, "but he must have been at one time or another, at least in his dreams and desires, in a Tamil country, or he may have Beschi's *Tamil Grammar* on his editorial table, or perhaps he has learned Esperanto. He has the roots, you see. He needs only to swallow the terminations, and Parthians and Medes and inhabitants of Mesopotamia....India, and China will understand him just as they under-

stood St. Peter. Besides, "in English" means good Queen's English, *which I speak*, and not the Bengalee Baboo English *which you talk*."

This shock sent the poor fellow into his easy chair and I gave him THE FIELD AFAR as a soothing balm.

CHINA.

Fr. Joseph Ouang, whose picture appears on this page, is a native Chinese priest who is working



FATHER JOE OUANG.

in a place called Ping-hu. A few miles from his residence is a little village which now counts one hundred and fifty Catholics and two hundred catechumens, and which has, according to the missionary's testimony, witnessed some of the marvels that attended the spread of the faith in the days of the Apostles. Fr. Ouang writes of it:

Six years ago there was not a single Christian in this village. The faith gained an entrance through the con-

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

version of one family and a catechist was sent to instruct the increasing number of catechumens. Not a few miracles followed. Many afflicted with apparently incurable diseases, were restored to health by prayer or by the use of holy water combined with some simple medicine. Many also were delivered from the power of evil spirits.

Truly remarkable was the case of one old woman, who from her youth had been a most devoted worshipper of idols. One day twenty years before, when she had gone to the river to wash some clothes, she found, washed up on the bank, a small case, which she picked up and carried home. On opening it, she discovered what we should call a rosary, but not knowing what it was, she kept it in a little shrine intended to honor an idol.

God, Who orders all things well, called this old woman to the faith in her seventy-eighth year. She was instructed and baptized. Then, according to our custom, we gave her a rosary of the Blessed Virgin. As soon as she saw it, she said that she already had something just like it, and the next day she showed me her treasure and told me how she had found it twenty years ago. I was filled with wonder and gratitude to God, Who in His mercy had for so long been preparing the conversion of this soul.

Sr. Gabriel (O'Sullivan) is still engaged in watching the night go by—and incidentally doing some hard work as it passes. Lately, just to show that it isn't such a long way to Shanghai, Sr. Gabriel introduced us to a friend, now visiting in New York, who has lived in China and cherishes a kindly remembrance of St. Mary's Hospital.

In the course of her letter this valiant Sister remarks:

We have smelt powder again here. On Sunday night some of the revolutionaries captured a Chinese gunboat and attacked the arsenal. The cannon boomed off and on until morning. The following night a band of three hundred rebels tried to enter the Concession close by and a battle ensued. Of course the victory was on our side. I dare say we shall have some skirmishes now every few weeks till the rebels are finally squashed. If there's trouble, the Stars and Stripes are our only defenders, for all the other navies are excluded on account of the war.

A Sailor's Apostolate.

By Fr. Ignatius.



DANNY GRIMES was a good boy as boys went in his town, where, in the opinion of some people, they were all pretty wild and almost too full of life. Normal, active, and—if you will—mischievous, he did about everything that real boys of every time have done, but his special fun was to row over the pond in a leaky boat, rocking so dangerously as to cause the hearts of his parents to jump into their mouths. On these occasions his elders wanted to shout their warnings as loudly as the young sailor did his joys—but the obstruction was there. They did not forget, however, and, to the boy's great pain, there followed other rockings and other paddlings, not over water and with oars.

Life went on for Dan in this happy-go-lucky way until, in the boy's twelfth year, his father died. His mother was never very rugged and though she would have wished her son to enjoy all the advantages the country school could offer, she was regretfully obliged to call on him for much-needed assistance. This necessitated long absences from sessions, and at the end of the year Dan left school and went to work, with the purpose of helping to provide for his mother and younger brother.

Try as mother and boy would, however, the burden was too heavy. So the farm was sold and the family moved to the city, where the mother obtained employment and the younger brother was placed in an industrial school.

Dan was hired by a grocer and was in his glory when he drove around in the delivery wagon at full speed or when, with his pencil tilted at a becoming angle on his ear, he entered the homes of his customers and charmed orders out of the housekeepers.

Yet this life proved too tame for our young friend, and one fine day he took French leave and sailed as cabin-boy on a bark bound for China and Japan. That trip cured him of all desire for square-rigged three-masters. Ever after he admired 'stick-ships,' as he called them, at a distance, and he often said that if he went to sea again, steam or oil would be good enough for him. But the experience had a great influence on his future, for in the Far East he had seen and heard things that left their impression. Shortly after his return from the voyage, his country declared war against a foreign power and Dan's patriotism, with, perhaps, his love for the sea, impelled him to enter the navy. He served the full term and was honorably discharged.

The land now had its attractions for our rover and he improved every opportunity to enjoy its pleasures. Like all sailors, he had his idea of God, though his duties as a Catholic had been shamefully neglected. He was, in fact, not all that his mother would have liked to see him, and he was often troubled by the memory of this good woman, who had died while he was serving his country. Then he began to get homesick, and one day he hunted up some relatives. He found a cousin, and when she had heard the story of his travels, she suggested confession. Poor Dan was for putting it

off until another time, but his cousin would not listen to excuses and to please her, he went. After that nothing would do but that he should remain overnight and approach the Holy Table on the morrow. So the sailor made a fresh start in life.

Dan had saved some money and wished to see the United States. He went to New York and on his first Sunday attended Mass at the Cathedral. It was the Sunday following the feast of St. Francis Xavier and there was a rousing mission sermon which caught Dan's attention from the very beginning because of its references to China and Japan. "That's right," he said to himself, as the priest told of the heroic sacrifices that Catholic missionaries were making in these distant lands, and when the speaker went on to describe the need of more workers, the erstwhile sailor almost shouted out loud, "You're right there, too, Father!" Even before the sermon was over, a strange feeling came over him that he should in some way make his life useful for the missions. Why could he not assist in the spread of the faith, and why could he not serve God as bravely as he had served his country? There was nothing definite, nothing clear in his mind, but after Mass he went to the sacristy and tried to explain to the priest the sort of thing that he wanted to do. From what Fr. Donnelly could gather, it looked as if Dan would like to be a Brother.

This good priest had for several years been interested in a work which had for its object the evangelizing of the heathen, and he re-

called, when Dan spoke to him, that there was up-country a Seminary for Foreign Missions, where Brothers, as well as priests, were trained for the Apostolate. He gave the young man his card, with a word of introduction to the Superior.

Dan presented himself without delay and endeavored to put into words the still rather vague ideas that had recently come to him. The Superior asked if the candidate had any credentials—letters from priests or other responsible people who knew him. Of course Dan had none. He had never thought of such a thing, but he told the Superior all about his life and showed him his honorable discharge from the navy. This discharge-card seemed to strike the right chord and Dan was accepted on probation.

I have often laughed over Dan's tale of his first month at the Seminary. His 'breaks' were as numerous as they were amusing. One day at recreation a Brother asked him if he would like to have a smoke. Now there was nothing Dan would have liked better than a smoke, but he was 'foxy.' "They are trying me," he thought. So he answered no, but when he saw his companion 'lighting up,' he changed his mind. After a few weeks, however, he realized that all he had to do was to be honest and above-board, that no one was spying on him, and that his happiness was, to a considerable extent, of his own making.

Nearly a year passed. Dan had observed the students and others, and he saw only the most unaffected piety and earnestness. All were his friends and rejoiced

when he 'made good.' He had heard the instructions given to the community, had attended the common exercises, had even learned to serve Mass and, best of all, had received his Divine Lord daily. All this was having its effect on the young man and before he himself really appreciated the change, his love for God and for souls astonished every one by its strength and ardor. Without losing his interesting personality, he became a rock of sense and a deeply religious man. His was no half-hearted attempt to perfect himself and so make ready for what he hoped was to be his life-work. He gave whatever he had—strength, talents, everything—to his Divine Master.

So the days slipped by until Dan knelt before the altar to receive the cassock and cincture of the brotherhood. He was now admitted to the Society and in a few years he would become a full member. Before that blessing came, however, many things happened, the most important of which was his departure with a band of priests for China.

As the long voyage drew to an end and Dan approached his new home, the thought struck him that perhaps his former trip to this country had but prepared his soul for the seed he knew was sown there now. "God," he wrote to me in his first letter from China, "may have mercifully permitted me, years ago, to ship before the mast that I might be introduced to the field of my future work."

Dan, or rather, *Brother Daniel*, is still in the Far East, his whole heart and strength given to the mission cause. His love for the

world and its pleasures has been transformed into love for God and souls, and he prays earnestly that others may receive the graces which have come to him. He knows that there are men in the world who are fitted for the work that he is doing and could be trained to be useful agents of God, but he believes that through discouragement over failures of one kind or another, they think they are not worthy to serve Him, though in their hearts they wish to do so. "If you meet one such," Brother Daniel wrote me, "tell him my story and bid him have courage, for God loves him and has a place for him in His vineyard."







We need ten new subscribers a day to make us feel that we are not going backward. May we look for a few from you some day next week?

Priest-Friends.

WE have some good anonymous friend—a priest—at the Catholic University. Thanks, Father, for that recent M. O. and for your "God bless the work!"

The mother of a young priest, Fr. Duff, of the Fall River diocese, has sent us her son's chalice. Fr. Duff, on the eve of his death, requested his mother to do this, that the chalice might be used by some poor priest who would remember him at the altar.

We thought it was a mission letter when a post-card dropped from the envelope, revealing two clerical laborers building a cement church. But the background was "way down East," in Lewiston, Maine, and the clerics were two Dominican Fathers, one of whom may yet stir the world by showing it a new way to start an automobile. When a two-dollar shin-plaster appeared, we knew that the beggar sign was on us.

Spring	The Maryknoll Junior				1916
					
Hail, Mary, full of grace.	The Lord is with thee;	Blessed art thou among women.	And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.	Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners.	Now and at the hour of our death. Amen.



WHEN THE FIELD AFAR was a baby, it reached out its tiny hands to attract the attention of boys and girls. There lived near us a nice, fatherly priest, with gray hair and a merry eye-twinkle, who started a column under the title—*Our Young Apostles*. His name was Fr. Ignatius and he was very fond of the 'little people,' as he called them.

Well, THE FIELD AFAR moved away and Fr. Ignatius found himself at too great a distance to continue his talks. In the meantime, too, THE FIELD AFAR grew and was so much occupied in trying to interest the older people that it did not speak to the young folks so often as it might have done.

But now Fr. Ignatius is finding a way to talk, occasionally at least, to our boys and girls. So without more ado we present him.

My dear Juniors, fine volunteers are already engaged in active service for Maryknoll, helping to prepare her first soldiers for the great battle that must be waged against Satan in the Far East. These boys and girls know that soldiers of Christ must, like any other soldiers, be fed, clothed, trained, and supplied with weapons and ammunition (not the killing kind). Indeed, the needs of Christ's soldiers are greater, because the devil is the strongest and most cunning adversary in the world and he

does not want to lose an inch of the dominions over which he has been king for so many centuries. Fr. Ignatius would give you three guesses as to what these volunteers are doing, but your guesses wouldn't cover half their activities. Here are some:

1. Two groups of altar-boys—one in New York and one in Massachusetts—are trying to sell our land for us at one cent a square foot. The New York section has already sold nearly 8,000 square feet and it will not stop till it has sold 10,000. We send these boys specially prepared land-cards, each marked off into squares representing 100 feet of land, which are crossed off as each foot is sold.

2. At a Brothers' school in Massachusetts the boys save every scrap of junk, tinfoil, old rubber and paper, and send the proceeds of their sale to headquarters. They also gather for us cancelled stamps.

3. A New England fishing-town is the home of the Blessed Virgin Mary's Mission Club (girls), every member of which has a mite box. The contents of the mite boxes are collected monthly and sent to Maryknoll. The last offering was fifteen dollars.

4. Mary's Mission Mites, in Merion, Pa., save all their pennies for Maryknoll, as do some children in Greensburg, in the same State. And these pennies mount up well in the year.

5. Two Sunday Schools in Rhode Island have Mt. Carmel

Clubs. The members pay certain fixed dues, which are applied to *Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse*. We have received over two hundred dollars from this source.

6. A young girl in Central Massachusetts has filled eighty-four Burse-Cards of the Holy Child Jesus.

7. The Teresian Juniors (young girls) make altar-linens and collect funds.

8. A school in the Middle West—a very poor one, too—is sacrificing what little extra it gets at any time, to help pay for our new office-building.

9. A club is being formed in Connecticut and another in New Hampshire. Both hope to get to work soon.

No matter what the special work of these young apostles is, all of them pray for Maryknoll and the missions, read THE FIELD AFAR and say a good word for it every chance they get. Isn't this encouraging? If you wish to add your strength to the movement, write to Fr. Ignatius, our *generalissimo*, and he will supply you with information and—other things.

And might it not be a good idea if every boy and girl who reads THE FIELD AFAR would wear a Maryknoll *Chi Rho* pin (see page 34)? Perhaps if ten pins were ordered together, we could give a special price on them. If you wore one, your friends would notice it and thus give you a chance to talk about Maryknoll. (Fr. Ignatius.)

Johnny Wait-a-While.

By a Teresian.



JOHNNY
WAIT-A-
WHILE
sat forlornly
on his favorite
rock in the
garden back of
his house.
That particular
rock did not
seem to us any
softer than the

others which, to preserve the natural beauty of the place, had never been moved from their beds, but we suspected Johnny liked it because it was more sheltered than the others and he could steal away there to eat undisturbed and unshared his apparently endless supply of candy or other sweets.

Johnny was small for his age—he was really nine, though he didn't look more than six—and his mother thought this was very nice, for he was her only child and she didn't like the idea of his ever growing up. So she treated him as if he were still a baby. And perhaps if she hadn't been foolish and spoiled him, well—we should never have had a chance to write this story.

To go back to our Johnny, there he sat in the garden, thinking. He had been to the children's Mass, and when the time for the sermon came, out walked from the sacristy a man almost as big as a giant, with black whiskers that reached way down to his waist. Johnny's neighbor gave him a poke, but they said afterwards they knew the stranger was a priest the minute he appeared, because he was dressed like one and stood inside the altar-rail.

The missionary—for that is what he was—had come all the way from China with messages from the boys and girls there to every child in the parish. He told about his little Chinese, their funny dresses and ways, how polite they are, how they recite their lessons with their backs to the teacher,

how hard their little, low beds are, and how they eat almost nothing but *rice*! That last was a terrible thought. Johnny had read of it in his geography book, but he wasn't quite sure it was true, before.

Yet worse even than eating rice was the fact that, because most of the Chinese mothers and fathers are so poor, when a new baby comes along and isn't wanted, it is thrown out to the dogs to be eaten or is quietly dropped into the river. (Johnny shivered all over again at the picture.) So the priests and Sisters who had gone over from Europe to help the Chinese, were kept busy saving these waifs and bringing them up to know and love God. And when they knew God, they did love Him and many children (the missionary knew all about them) had died for Him.

Then the bearded priest said that these little ones needed help from their American brothers and sisters. First of all, they wanted prayers, because it is very hard to be a Christian in a land where most of the people hate Christ; they also needed money to buy food and clothing and books, and they felt sure that every child in St. John's parish would be glad to give them only a few of the pennies they now spent for candy, gum, moving pictures, tops, marbles, etc. When the priest left the altar, all the children were sure they would give up *everything* for the poor little Chinese so far away.

But as Johnny Wait-a-While neared home—I forgot to tell you that *Wait-a-While* was only a nickname which Johnny's selfishness had earned for him, because he was always putting off things that would help others—his great desire to part with all his possessions had cooled and he was trying to fix things up so that he wouldn't have to give up what he wished for himself—at least not just then. It was only yesterday at breakfast that Dad had said, as he gave him his weekly allow-

ance of fifty cents, "John, my boy, it is time for you to begin saving your money." And Mother, who knew his needs so well, had added, "Oh, don't be hard on him! Let him wait a while. He will have cares soon enough."

And now, at the end of his thinking, though he felt very sorry for those poor Chinese children, Johnny decided to 'wait a while' before helping them. Tomorrow he would buy marbles and candy, and then there were the new 'movies.' Why, he would have hardly enough money for himself!

But that night, when Johnny was in bed and Mother came in to see if he was comfortable, she said, "Don't forget to say a *Hail Mary* for those Chinese children. To-morrow we will talk about helping them." She, too, had heard the missionary's talk and she had suddenly realized how she was failing in training Johnny.

Left alone, the poor boy began to think the matter all over again and then—

He found himself standing chill and cold on the outside of a beautiful garden, all warmth and light.



"The missionary told about his little Chinese, their funny dresses and ways."
(Photo sent by Fr. Ouang.)

There was a high barred fence around it, and though he felt a most intense longing to get on the other side, he couldn't move. In-

side, countless children were playing happily, but they paid no attention to him. At last he cried out with all his strength, "Please let me in!"—and the only reply that came, echoed and reechoed, "Wait-a-While." His heart sank.

Then a group came towards him and lo! they were little Chinese children, radiantly happy, and the Child Jesus was with them. When they were quite near, he heard one say, "Oh, there is that poor little boy who always thinks of himself and never takes care to help any one. Isn't it too bad! He will have to wait a long time before he can come into the garden of Paradise." The Child Jesus looked sorrowfully at him. Then they moved off again.

Johnny awoke with a start. It was very dark and he was frightened and there was a queer feeling around his heart. A little later he crept out of bed, found his clothes, and pulled out the half-dollar that was to buy so many things. A few steps brought him to his mother's bed and she was awakened by a curly head against her cheek and something hard and cold thrust into her hand. "It's for the little Chinese," he said. "Please send it to them right away."

Soon he had told her all, and as she tucked him back into bed again, she said, "On your way to school to-morrow, we will go to that priest and you may give him the money yourself." No more troubled dreams came that night.

Johnny confided to us afterwards that the missionary almost cried when he gave him the money. It was the very first he had received from a child in that church, and he put his hand on Johnny's head and said, "I'll tell your Chinese brothers to be on the lookout for you. God will bless your generous heart. At any rate, you will all meet in Heaven."

And from that day Johnny's heart expanded like a flower in the sun and the sweetness of his charity made him beloved of all.

The Difference.

JOHNNY, get your mite box! This is better than getting your gun, because a gun fires money away and a mite box keeps it; the gun often does harm and the mite box does good; the gun trains you to sacrifice others and the mite box teaches self-sacrifice.

Suppose, then, you have a mite box. (Send a two-cent stamp, if you haven't, and we will mail you one.) It goes up on the family mantel or in some other convenient place out of your little brother's reach. Lent begins and you are ready to make special acts of self-denial. So, too, are some of your relatives and friends, but neither they nor you know just what to do, or what not to do.

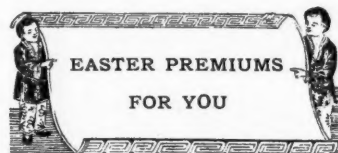
Then you get a present of ten cents—or, better still, you earn it—and it is yours to spend as you please. You see a window full of



very toothsome candy, so freshly made that you can smell it from the outside, and you — pass it.

Around the corner is the moving-picture theatre. There is a picture of the latest hero posted outside. He is just about to be pushed over a precipice by the villain and you are very curious to see how he saves himself.

You have a struggle, but the dime stays with you and that night it goes into the mite box. You wonder why you feel happier than usual and so much nearer to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. God has rewarded your sacrifice already, but He will do more for you later.



EASTER is coming! Are you racking your brains to find a present for Mother or Father or somebody else? And are you wondering how you can get something for nothing?

We're here to help you out. Read our premium list below and see how many good things you can get for nothing—but a little work:

FOR TWO NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AT FIFTY CENTS EACH

*A Maryknoll Pin; or
One hundred Assorted Prints.*

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AT FIFTY CENTS EACH

Any one of the following books, *postpaid*—

A Modern Martyr (Bl. Theophane Vénard);

An American Missionary (Fr. Judge, S.J.);

Stories from The Field Afar; Field Afar Tales.

If you are ready, send for a *Record Book*—and call on your relatives or friends. If you wish to call on strangers, you should get a special permission from your pastor.

Would you like to have a beautiful statue of Blessed Theophane Vénard in your class-room?

One will be sent to you for either 15 new Associate Subscriptions or 30 new Ordinary Subscriptions to **THE FIELD AFAR**.

Maryknoll Helpers.

THE class of '18, Notre Dame College, San Francisco, has sent to Maryknoll a gathering of mites 'saved from their allowance for sweetmeats, etc.'

Some children who have been disposing of our little prayer prints for two cents apiece—they sell for twenty-five cents a hundred—have managed to send to Maryknoll a real two-dollar bill.

A Xaverian Brother, writing of our latest book, *Field Afar Tales*, which sells for only sixty cents, says:

The book contains stories which should inspire the most tepid. I intend to let each member of my class take it for three days and then to repeat the process. I think that in this way the spirit of the book will permeate the class and that good results must follow.

Scranton, the first and the future home of our Vénard students, has a growing number of Maryknoll friends, but we doubt if among them there is one more devoted than a little Miss from Quincy Ave., who writes:

Dear father i hare Bege from one Eend the town to to other End all time i had was thorday After Noon and sunday after Noon.

Perhaps you will say that the spelling isn't much, but our little friend is especially strong in arithmetic and she counted five full dollars before sending them to Maryknoll.

His name is Francis Xavier and the Editor of THE FIELD AFAR remembers how not very many years ago the youngster's mother told of having called her new-born after the Apostle of the Indies in the hope that he would one day become a foreign missionary. And now come two compositions (letters to his teacher) from Francis Xavier that make us feel he is on the way:

THE MISSIONARIES.

The Missionaries are near to God because they go to foreign countries and teach the pagans to know and love God to save their souls so they will share in the glory's of Heaven they have many hard times to convert the pagans they have to sleep on the floors of their lodgings and there are many bad people that do not know God and try to kill the missionaries some missionaries have saved thousands of souls.

WHEN I AM A MAN.

When I am a man I am going to be a missionary and do work for God to labor for the souls who do not know God to teach the pagan men, women, and children, I will say Mass for you, and pray for you often, and tell you about my missions.



A FAMILY STAIRGASE.
Who's next on The Field Afar?

And when I am going to be ordained I will send you a picture and I will write to you often and tell you about missions.

I will write to you and speak about the time when I was in the fifth grade and tell you about the time I used to talk without permission and tell about the time I used to carry your bag home, please write to me and tell me where you are.

Sincerely Yours,
Francis Xavier

Let children of to-day provide a burse for the education of a missionary. We wish to feel that at least one of our burses is the fruit of their simple faith and trained charity. The Holy Child Burse will yet admit many offerings. If you are interested, send for one or more cards. Each is designed to invite penny gifts to the number of twenty-five.

Why Not Start A Field Afar Route?

If your name is on our list, we will, at your request, send you ten copies of THE FIELD AFAR to sell at five cents each (no more) to your relatives or friends. If you sell them all, we shall be satisfied if you send us twenty two-cent stamps, using one of them for postage. If you cannot sell enough to make up forty cents, send us a post-card and we will tell you what to do. However, you certainly *can* dispose of ten and probably you will be asking for more.

But remember! We do not wish you to present yourself to strangers without a special permission from your pastor.

+ +

A Maryknoll Pin will go to the boy or girl who sends the first and best answers to these questions:

- (1) About how many people are there in the world?
- (2) How many of these are heathen?
- (3) In what two countries are most of the heathen?
- (4) From what country have most of our missionaries been sent?
- (5) How many priests from the United States are out on the mission field? (Guess on this question.)



STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit. 160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations. Price Sixty Cents, postpaid.

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A SECOND VOLUME OF STORIES

Interesting and edifying; well-printed and attractively bound; generously illustrated. Price sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR : : : Ossining, New York



30,000 Miles of Doggrel.

By Fr. Thomas Gavan Duffy.

CHINA.

The man who visits China
Must pay the penalty;
So I could not well decline a
Little typhoon at sea.

Oh! not a very bad one,
And we only caught the tail;
But I fancy most who have had one
Will go, next time, by rail.

The Captain lied without measure,
And swore that nothing was wrong;
But he fairly fainted with pleasure
When he sighted the isle of Hong-Kong.

He put up a notice saying:
"As you may be Kaiserly foes,
Whoever I catch playing
With a kodak, to Jonah goes."

We waited awhile in the offing,
While the mines were lifted. Then,
With innocent funnels puffing,
We sped to the haunts of men.

The Catholic works are many,
Prosperous and strong;
But I lack the space to give any
Adequate view of Hong-Kong.

The town is perched on the Peak-side
And looks like flying away....
But trade is the white man's weak side,
So I guess he's come to stay.

* * * * *
Not so myself; I departed
To get a view of Canton
And its Cathedral (started
With help from Napoleon).

This church is still the glory
Of all the whites in the East,
And has stood through many a gory
Exploit of the Beast.

Under its shade is the dwelling
Of a few Canadian nuns,
Whose work is beyond all telling
Among the little ones.

And I saw another wonder,
In a cramped and poor abode,
Where the dear old children wander
In from the pitiless road,

And smile as death advances,
And have no fear any more,
And follow, with oh! such glances,
Their Sisters of the Poor.

Canton is a maze of alleys....
But the journey before us is long;
I can smell across the valleys
The oil of that ship in Hong-Kong.

* * * * *



FATHER, MOTHER, AND DAUGHTER.

(From a photograph taken in Peking
and sent to us by Sr. Catherine Busch-
man.)

Formosa Channel, where never
A calm sea sleeps or smiles;
Then the silt of the Yellow River
Staining the ocean for miles.

* * * * *

Shanghai, as a place to visit,
Is dull in the last degree;
But as home perfection is it,
As all the posters agree.

If you feel disposed to doubt it,
Consult the residents
And the permanent look about it....
These are no dwellers in tents.

Above all, the French concession
Is neat as a Paris toy,
Though the houses, in English fashion,
Are gabled and painted and coy.

Next, just to see what the missions
Can do in a practical way,
Obtain all due permissions
And visit Zi-ka-wei.

* * * * *

Pigtails? Not a vestige—
Cut and gone to the last;
Gone is the Manchu prestige,
The queue is a thing of the past.

Another bygone beauty
Is the fashion in women's feet;
They no longer think it their duty
To agonize in the street.

Indeed is China getting
Rid of old's hollow tooth,
And slowly, with spasms, cutting
The teeth of second youth.

The Chinese are a nation
Proud to be one and free,
And they think it a grand sensation
To jostle you and me.

* * * * *

Well, good luck, John! I leave you,
Loving my Indians still;
But I honestly believe you
Can yet make good—and will.

(Maryknoll.)

If you are already a subscriber and
feel that these pages are helping you
to realize more fully the mission of
the Church and the sacrifices of
present-day apostles, extend this in-
fluence to others—at least to one.

Literature and the Missions.

AMONG foreign mission activi-
ties it is generally agreed that
school work should be placed very
high. Indeed, the state of the
schools, the primary schools in
particular, is often supposed to
reflect with fair accuracy the state
of a mission. It is consequently
with great pleasure that we see
Zi-ka-wei's new monthly, *L'École
en Chine*, and hear that a similar
publication is in contemplation for
Southern India.

The Catholic Medical Mission
Society, under the sponsorship
of the Society of the Atonement,
at Graymoor, N. Y., has sent us
an interesting pamphlet outlining
its origin and development.
Friends of Maryknoll should know
that Dr. Flagg, the soul of this
young movement, has been most
attentive to the needs of our stu-
dents and for the last three years
has given them a special course in
medicine. He comes at present
every week to conduct a class in
First Aid to the Injured.

Fr. Kennelly, S.J., of Shanghai,
has just got out the second volume
of *Researches into Chinese Super-
stitions*. In view of the fact that
when our own pigs become ill or
the weather disappoints us, we
look for the remedy rather in na-
ture than in grace, we find that the
Chinese prescriptions fall some-
what outside our field of practical
experience. Nevertheless we quite
realize that as soon as we get to
China, we shall feel the benefit of
having had it once brought home
to us by portentous pictures and
sober text that there are other
ways of viewing and doing things
than the Romans' way; and we
are grateful to be saved some of
the startling revelations that come
to the missionary when, opening his
eyes in a new world, he sees men,
as trees, walking. This second
volume is, like the first, a credit
alike to printer, author and trans-
lator.

The Maryknoll Report.



HERE is a day of reckoning for Maryknoll and it comes every year—on or about the third Tuesday of February. The Corporation, a term that in New York means something, meets then and hears what the President and Treasurer of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America may have to say about its financial condition and its prospects.

This year the meeting was held at the residence of His Eminence Cardinal Farley and every member attended. The fatherly Cardinal, New York's much-loved Archbishop, presided, and there were present, besides two representatives from Maryknoll (Frs. Walsh and Price), Rt. Rev. Bishop Hayes, Very Rev. Monsignor Dunn, Justice Victor Dowling, Michael Maginnis, Esq., and John K. M. Ewing, Esq.,—three prelates, three lawyers, and two country tramps.

Neither the President nor the Treasurer received a scolding for having spent too much money or for not having taken in more. Hence the meeting was a success and everybody left it, relieved in mind, if not in pocket.

Our readers would like to have peeked in at that little circle in the Cardinal's library, or to have hung their ears on telephone-receivers and listened to the report as it was read, but as that was, of course, out of the question, here it is for you who figure and for more of you who don't. We hope not to burden your attention with too many details.

Read, then, but do not run. We need you near us, with your pocket on our right side, for some years to come.

Our gross expenses (\$69,555.42) ran ahead of our receipts (\$68,732.54) by a little over eight hundred dollars, but—we have something to show for the deficit.

The Principal Receipts:

From FIELD AFAR Subscriptions	\$ 8,336.45
From Associate Dues.....	5,497.25
From Sales.....	1,309.73
From Bursae Offerings.....	15,655.86
From Other Gifts (designated and undesignated)...	26,400.11
From Discount and Interest	2,957.89

The Principal Expenditures:

For FIELD AFAR (printing, postage, addressing, billing, stencils, photo-work, etc.)	\$ 4,108.04
For Other Publications (books, pamphlets, cards, etc.)	1,352.71
For Buildings and Improvements (including the completed Office-Building, the sewer, etc.).....	32,118.17
For General Expense (including appeals, transportation, etc.)	4,003.24
For Farm.....	5,373.98
For House Maintenance (4 houses—food, fuel, light, telephone, etc.).....	7,321.22
For 28 Salaries or Allowances	4,819.80
For Travel	120.27

Our Numbers:

This year the separate branches of our family at Maryknoll have aggregated, on an average, seventy-five. They are distributed at present Feb. 1 as follows:

Faculty (including five outsiders who come several times a week)	12
Students of Philosophy and Theology	17
Preparatory Students.....	18
Auxiliary Brothers.....	3
Professed Sisters	3
Teresians	15
Farm-Helpers, Gardeners, and Mechanics	7

THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT.

Field Afar Building. Since the last annual report, we have erected a new building, our first permanent structure. The building has been placed near the highway and will be quite separated from the future Seminary. It is designed to serve immediately the following purposes:

The first floor for the FIELD AFAR Offices, shipping and stock-rooms;

The second and third floors, accessible by a separate entrance, for the Vénard School.

Later, probably beginning next September, when we hope to move the Vénard School to its permanent site, the second and third floors will be used by the students of Philosophy.

Eventually, this building will be used exclusively as an office-building. It is of stone taken from our fields, trimmed with Tuckahoe granite, and is so practically fire-proof that we shall place insurance only on the furniture it contains. Its cost was about \$25,000.

Seminary Improvements. At the Seminary, by the removal of partitions, we can now accommodate sixty in the refectory.

Extra stalls have been put in the chapel and a new altar, a gift, has been erected at the Martyrs' Shrine. The chapel will seat about fifty persons.

Many books have been given to us and our libraries are being carefully catalogued.

An extra class-room has been provided by plastering what was formerly an outside porch and we plan to extend our main class-room, so as to make it capable of comfortably seating forty students.

An addition was also made to the kitchen, providing a room for the cook, and in the foundation, an extension to the laundry. We are on the lookout now for dish-washing and vegetable-paring machines.

St. Michael's. At St. Michael's, the small house where the Philosophers study and sleep, and where all the seniors recreate in bad weather, we are turning two rooms into four. With the Vénard School away from Maryknoll, we shall be in a position to accommodate forty seniors, double the present number. We do not anticipate any immediate necessity of a new Seminary, although indications point to at least forty students of Philosophy and Theology within three years.

St. Teresa's. At St. Teresa's the heating system has been extended so that a large room is available as a dormitory for our women helpers, the Teresians. The removal of the FIELD AFAR Office will also give more accommodation to these good women, who, with their spiritual guides, three professed Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, from Scranton, now number eighteen.

Garage. A fire-proof garage has been built between St. Michael's and the new Office-Building. This will accommodate two machines and a work-bench. There are actually two machines, both gifts, in the garage, one a Ford runabout converted into a delivery wagon, the other a kind of auto-bus which we may yet turn into a carrier of coal, cement, lumber, etc. A young Auxiliary who has recently joined us, is a practiced chauffeur and we have an expert mechanic habitu-

ally in service. Hence repairs are not a considerable item.

Barn. The barn has remained *in statu quo*, although live stock has come and gone. The hay-loft of this barn served as a dormitory for the Vénard students and one of our deacons from September till about December 1. We plan now to convert the south end of the structure into a good-sized workshop for our mechanics, with living-rooms for all our lay helpers. Later, possibly within a year, when we can build a new barn in a less exposed place (north of the hen-yard), the rest of the present building will be used as a trade-school and store-house for such needs as cement, lumber, etc.

Fire Protection. Lightning-rods of guaranteed efficiency have been placed on our four principal buildings and on the barn.

Poultry and Stock. The poultry-yard has been supplied with a substantial granary and root-cellar, and, outside of this 'compound,' a shelter, with concrete flooring, has been erected for the pigs. The cows supply us with enough milk, but since the family has grown to seventy-five, we have had to buy butter. Some weeks ago we decided to dispose of the yoke of oxen mentioned in our last report and we are doing so gradually, on days when meat is allowed.

Fields. The greater portion of another decrepit orchard has been turned into a productive field and we have set out, in a safer place, forty fruit-trees and nearly two hundred vines (grapes and berries). We have also placed a hedge at St. Teresa's, to give the Teresians greater seclusion.

Water. The new Artesian well is supplying all the water used on the premises, but we have kept a pump at the brook, where we have an apparently unending water-supply.

Roads. Roads are still in an unfinished condition, but they have been outlined and made passable with several coatings of cinders, hauled from the village of Ossining. The removal of some straggling stone-walls which provided material for our new building, helped to make the foundations of these roads.

Sewage. Another substantial improvement is the connection of our sewage system with that of the village. The necessary permissions were secured from the village and State authorities in the early spring of last year, and the construction of

a private sewer-line along 2,200 feet of State road was completed before the first snow-storm of the fall and in time to serve the Vénard students in their new quarters. The cost of the improvement was \$2,682.

The Vénard. The Vénard, our preparatory school, at the expiration of its lease in May of last year, was transferred from Scranton, Pa., to Maryknoll. This was anticipated, as announced in last year's report. The School has now eighteen students and can hardly be accommodated at Maryknoll after the present year. Besides, we are now in a position to provide our own faculty for the juniors and there is assurance of a growing interest in our work among the Catholics, priests and laity, of Scranton. Above all, Bishop Hoban will be pleased to see the school return. We are in search of suitable property, outside the city, and we have under consideration two estates. Both are sightly, reasonably convenient to the D. & L. railroad, ample in acreage, and provided with house accommodation sufficient for next year and possibly for the following.

Increased Returns. As will be noted by the gross receipts, the year has brought gratifying returns, an increase of more than 30 per cent. over those of 1914.

Securities. In addition to the gifts already recorded, we are pleased to announce the following securities, available later:

Twenty shares in New World Life Insurance Co., from a priest in Maryland;

Twenty-seven shares in the same company from a priest in California;

Four stocks of the Encyclopædia Press from a priest in Pennsylvania;

Transfers of life-insurances amounting to \$9,000 (to be devoted to burses) from two priests in Massachusetts.

Progress. We are getting into a more perfect organization at Maryknoll and we feel that, humanly speaking, the promise is far greater than it was a year ago.

Signs of Awakening Interest. The increased circulation of THE FIELD AFAR is especially significant; so, too, is the awakened interest which we have noted, all along the line, in priest and nuns, the trainers of our future apostles and apostolic workers. Among the laity, small circles, here and there, are starting and this movement is bound to spread. In New York City, the Women's Auxiliary has settled down to the definite purpose of providing for the personal needs of our students and its members are creating interest elsewhere. The Alumnae Society of the Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville has expressed its purpose to support one of our students through his entire course. In Pittsburgh and Scranton there is promise of excellent and fruitful organization for our work. The Pittsburgh Missionary Aid Society sent us its third apportionment of one thousand dollars shortly after our last report was read. (A fourth came a few days ago.) A pastor near Buffalo has induced his parish to share with him the support of one student at Maryknoll,—an idea which we believe will spread. Religious Orders of men, as well as women, are beginning to manifest deep interest. A Vincentian Father in Pennsylvania procured for us one full burse. A Franciscan in Buffalo is pushing another burse and the Provincial of the Dominicans has written a special letter of appeal for the completion of the burse in honor of their founder.



SAINT TERESA'S.

(The present home of fifteen Teresians and their spiritual guides, three Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, from Scranton, Pa.)

Gifts We acknowledge generous gifts in of furnishings, notably, a tell-electric piano, a chapel organ, an altar for the Martyrs' Shrine, a small mill, an altar-bread oven and cutter, the library of Monsignor McMahon and also that of Fr. Sullivan, the late pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, N. Y.

Extent of Interest. A survey of the present sources of income indicates that our work is largely supported from three States, in the order named, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York. Rhode Island, California, and Wisconsin come next. The cause is gaining good friends through the country, however, and, as with all the works of God, it abounds in surprises.

Big Brother Farmer and little Brother Hennerly insisted on furnishing our incorporators with an itemized account entitled *Maryknoll Farm Products*. It reads well,—so well that if we did not know the authors, we should suspect them of dreams or worse.

They tell of feed purchased, of hen-chambers and pig-apartments erected, of poultry heartlessly strangled after seeing their own eggs taken from them, of ducks, cows, sheep, and horses, of vegetable multiplication and a canning industry. Finally, they claim a saving of several hundred dollars on eggs, milk, meat, vegetables, etc., which we should have been obliged to buy if the farm had not produced them.

Now really, when you consider that we are still young, somewhat fresh, a trifle light-headed, and more or less inexperienced, we have done pretty well to keep our large household of seventy-five from starving, to support the Porker family, and to stay out of the clutches of the law. In other words, we have made satisfactory progress, and we are sincerely grateful to the bountiful God Who knows our efforts, smiles at our foolishness, and then gathers for us from the most unexpected sources, to show that while He is satisfied with our will to do, it is His sweet Will that *does*.

We have, of course, some liabilities, but wise people say that a very important condition in a Catholic parish or institution is that it shall be in debt. In any event, we owe on our mortgage \$30,000 and we have about \$10,000 of a loan to give back.

These are our principal obligations to outsiders and against them we have some very desirable property, which, with buildings, furniture, and stock, makes the value of our possessions run into six figures, all on the left of the decimal point. We keep more than \$50,000 insurance on our frame buildings.

Our benefactors deserve congratulations for a splendid record of kindness and our prayer is that they will get something more precious than the congratulatory word.

* *

IF the parents of our Vénard students were like some parents we have met, they would have withdrawn their darlings from Maryknoll long ago. To think of the precious ones living in a real

A MODERN MARTYR
sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.

AN AMERICAN MISSION-ARY IN ALASKA
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)
Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York

barn until about the first of December, then going into a new house, that, with stone walls, etc., etc., *must* be damp, suffering because radiators refused to allow steam to pass through them, obliged to go walking in rain and slush, with no motherly hand to brush back the fallen locks from their foreheads or to sew on their suspender-buttons!

And yet the Vénard boys are happy, rarely fall ill, and when they do, never think of asking to go home. But they love home just the same, as their Uncle Sammy well knows, and we have an idea that nearly all of them can tell how many months will elapse before they 'see the folks' again.



THE BEGINNINGS OF AN APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.
("To think of the precious ones living in a real barn until about the first of December!")

In the meantime they are 'still guessing' about next year and wondering where, in September, 1916, the Vénard School will be housed. Occasionally when they meet the superior, they drop very delicate hints on this important subject, but they are always careful, he notes, not to express a preference.

They have normal appetites and as a rule, the smallest seem to possess the largest capacities. They are not discriminating, however, and welcome a piece of mutton from no one knows where, just as kindly as they do any one of our pigs or hens which they have known in life.

The Vénard boys are really good. They have few occasions to be otherwise and they habitually avoid these. But they are not supposed to hear that we are pleased with them. All this is to satisfy some of their over-anxious friends.

We notice that people with the biggest hearts have the smallest pocket-books.

Interested Benefactors.

'MISFIT Christmas gifts' at a nickel a chance (*cheese it! the cop!*), with only fifty chances to each article and quick sales as the motto, recently turned a ten-dollar bill over on its back and pushed it upon the Maryknoll desk for a few hours. We scorned to keep it and it went—to pay an honest bill.

We are not in the real estate business, except to sell (?) Maryknoll land and to purchase a site down in the Scranton diocese for our Vénard School. This being understood, we print for the benefit of some aspiring farmer the following extract from a subscriber's letter:

If you know of any one who is looking for a large ranch, please send him along and the 5 per cent. commis-

sion will be yours. We have 1,082 acres of deeded land and about 2,500 acres of leased land, a mile and a half of river front and all kinds of springs where the cattle may drink.

It is a very fine place, but we are too far away from Catholic schools for our children. We have decided to sell, so as to give them a Christian education that will benefit them more in after-life than to stay up here and make money.

A rich New York company has a big ranch just across the river from ours and they ford the river at our place to go to town. They like our ranch very much. We have four hundred head of cattle, about two hundred hogs, forty horses, and chickens. We would sell the place stocked or just the buildings. (Alberta, Canada.)

Perhaps to you sophisticated people down in the cities the idea is not new, but up on the hills we were somewhat nonplussed to receive a card with an oval opening out of which protruded the steel-engraved face of a man who looked like old Hezekiah Buttermilk's grandfather, of East Wayback, in Central Vermont. Under the portrait were printed these words:

I thought I'd send a picture to greet you on this day,
But to choose another's picture is difficult, they say;
And yet I hope that this one you will approve with vim,
For Uncle Sam's the artist and we really can't beat him!

We turned the man on his face and read on the back of the card these other lines, written by one 'Mary':

If you don't like this picture,
It may be changed, you see;
Simply take it out and spend it
For turkey, bread, or tea.

Closer inspection and a little light-finger exercise (such as we are accustomed to) revealed a United States bank-note with the figure 5 in the corners. We are more than grateful to you, M. F.

One Year's Associate Membership

in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society can be secured for the living or the dead by offering fifty cents. If a dollar is sent, it will include a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

THOUGHTS
FROM MODERN MARTYRS
Interesting, edifying and stimulating.
In cloth, 30 cents; postage 5 cents

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES (Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: The Field Afar
Ossining New York

BURSE PROPOSALS.

A Connecticut reader calls us gently to task for omitting a *Holy Name Burse* from our list, and we wonder how it escaped us. Our correspondent writes:

We have hundreds of thousands of Holy Name men in the United States to-day, who are pledged to honor that Name and who should help to spread it.

Martha, who was a saint although "solicitous about many things," has at least one friend among those on our list. This friend writes:

Some day I should like, if I could save a perceptible amount of money so as to make a good start, to launch a burse in honor of St. Martha, who, I believe, is often rather overlooked. Even if she didn't choose the better part, there have to be some house-keeping saints, and I should think contributions could be found in that profession.

Some friend in Colorado (he must be a friend since he encloses a dollar) writes in lead-pencil over no name, asking us to start a *St. Aloysius Burse*. He says:

You will hardly believe that any crude sinner could have so much presumption, but with this trifle would you be willing to start a new burse? I have an idea that such a humble beginning may carry a blessing and that the burse may in a year or two prosper enough even to catch up with those that have a fair start.

I desire to see a burse named after St. Aloysius, the patron of youth. It would appeal to all boys who are inclined to serve the altar and to any family where a son bears that name.

To our readers we leave the decision about starting this burse. Who among them is interested?

MITE BOXES.

It is an ill wind that gathers no dust for somebody, and this time it is the much-abused custom of "treating" that seems to be co-operating unto good.

One of our benefactors in Buffalo has a host of convivial friends. As he is in the cigar business and has the great American question proposed to him quite often in the course of his day, he has adopted the plan of flashing a mite box on all such occasions, with the reply, "Thank you, I don't drink, but my friend Maryknoll does, and rather than turn you down, I am going to let you part with your change this way." And Johnnie Mite Box gets rattled.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

To M. we reply: *Yes*, you can become a *Perpetual Associate* by the offering of fifty dollars in small amounts,—as small as you wish. The total amount should, however, be reached within two years.

Recently twenty Perpetual Associates were added to our list in about six weeks. Some were for the living, others for the dead. All were a welcome indication that a growing number of our friends realize the spiritual value of association with Maryknoll. "To co-operate with God in the salvation of souls," said St. Dionysius, "is to share in the most divine of all divine works."

BREAD FOUNDATION.

"This X I have had since last summer. I did not know what I was saving it for, but God did."—And it came, a crisp ten-dollar bill, to be added to the Maryknoll Bread Foundation.

We often think of an old white-head's remark that if you don't tell what you want, you will wait a while before it comes to you. We asked for bread and drew several responses, including this

from a priest in Northern New York, one of our 'first-class benefactors:'

I notice that your procurator insists on bread and *whole wheat bread* at that. Well, I think, or better, I am positively sure, that I can give you the means of obtaining that nowadays rare article—genuine whole wheat bread in which you will not find any mixture of sawdust, marble dust, beans, plaster of Paris, china-clay, or the like.

What I refer to is a little mill not much larger than an ordinary kitchen coffee-grinder. You pour your wheat into this and you get in return the purest of flour. To make the grinding easier, first set the mill as for coarse wheat; then throw back some of the flour thus obtained and grind it a second time with the mill screwed up for as fine a flour as you like for your bread. The coarsely ground wheat gives you just what you want for cookies and a palatable breakfast cereal. Thus you have three articles from one and the same mill.

This method, besides giving you the most nutritious food, breaks your flour-bill almost in two. I am sure you would find it of advantage in your young family of "seventy-five outside the henery," while it would also crack the wheat, corn, and oats for the fowl.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Archbishop John J. Williams Burse	**\$5,266.21
Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*\$3,160.12
St. Teresa Burse.....	†\$2,034.00
All Souls Burse.....	1,995.04
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse..	†1,952.41
St. Joseph Burse.....	1,815.75
Little Flower Burse (for Vénard)	1,584.02
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,104.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse....	1,091.78
Father B. Burse.....	*1,056.00
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse (for Vénard)	1,046.00

*On hand but not operative.

**\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	730.26
Holy Ghost Burse.....	703.29
St. Anthony Burse.....	564.79
Pius X. Burse.....	367.35
St. Columba Burse.....	363.50
St. Stephen Burse.....	345.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse..	300.85
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	280.20
St. Dominic Burse.....	254.80
St. Francis Xavier Burse....	209.51
St. Lawrence Burse.....	200.00
St. John the Baptist Burse..	151.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	146.00
Precious Blood Burse.....	115.00
Curé of Ars Burse.....	96.00
All Saints Burse.....	77.90
St. Rita Burse.....	68.25
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse	51.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse.....	22.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	17.00
Joan of Arc Burse.....	11.00
O. L. of Victory Burse.....	11.00
Immaculate Conception Burse	10.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	10.00
St. Paul Burse.....	5.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse	1.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Foreign Mission Educational Fund	\$2,050.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	370.25

FROM ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama		1
California	\$7.69	12
Colorado	1.50	
Connecticut	51.05	21
Delaware	.25	
District of Columbia	15.00	8
Florida		1
Idaho	1.00	1
Illinois	58.50	8
Indiana	1.30	6
Iowa	4.85	23
Kansas	1.00	1
Kentucky	3.00	
Louisiana		2
Maine	16.00	1
Maryland	17.50	9
Massachusetts	835.05	274
Michigan	8.25	10
Minnesota	16.00	8
Missouri	6.56	6
Montana		2

Nebraska	4.25	2
New Hampshire	29.00	2
New Jersey	44.58	14
New York	246.15	145
North Carolina	2.00	
Ohio	27.77	13
Oregon		2
Pennsylvania	109.85	50
Rhode Island	72.12	24
South Dakota		2
Texas		2
Vermont		2
Virginia		1
Washington		2
West Virginia	2.00	
Wisconsin	5.00	2

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

Bermuda		10
Canada	\$12.00	7
Cuba		1
Hawaiian Islands		1
Ireland		2
Newfoundland	1.00	
Scotland		2
Straits Settlements		1

PRESENTS IN KIND.

A copy of *Chinese Superstitions* from Rev. M. Kennelly, S.J., Shanghai, China; books from Rev. Friends, N. Y.; breviaries from Rev. Friend, Minn.; breviaries from Rev. Friend, Mass.; picture from Rev. Friend, R. I.; 5 sets of altar-linens from Catholic Women's League, Rockford, Ill.; 10 volumes of *The Lives and Times of the Popes* from J. R., N. Y.; clothing from Mrs. D. M., N. Y.; books from W. L., N. Y.; old jewelry from K. C., Hawaiian Islands; clothing from J. E., N. Y.; case of drugs from C. G., N. Y.; 1 dozen napkins from Mrs. L. G., Pa.; old jewelry from Mrs. G., Mass.; cancelled stamps from Cal., Conn., N. J., N. Y., and Pa.

New subscribers recorded since our last issue:

Ordinary	468
Associate	203

Total 671*

*Includes 16 priests and 17 Sisters.

REMEMBER, please, in your prayers the souls of:

Rt. Rev. J. W. Shanahan.	William Sullivan
Rev. J. W. Malone	Mrs. Kilkeny
Mary J. McGuiness	Mary G. Dwyer
Nellie S. Hartnett	Gertrude Collins
Mary A. Sullivan	Charles J. Murphy
Mrs. Marg't Fuller	Mrs. Mary O'Brien
Mrs. James Maher	John F. Mannion
Matilda Nicholson	John Gormley
H. Wohl	John McAlvanah
	A. Hanabugh

Enrolled Late in Perpetuity.

William Hackett	Adèle Le Brun
Catherine A. Walsh	Catherine Filan

The Mission Circles.



WHEN he visited Scranton recently, the Superior of Maryknoll had an opportunity to meet several very active members of *Vénard Circles* in and about the great anthracite centre. The *Centre Circle* at Scranton has, since it started, added \$115 to the *Vénard Student Fund*. It has gathered friends on different occasions and instructed them on our work.

Olyphant's *Field Afar Circle* is booming. This statement sounds a little like an advertisement of a circus, but in reality it refers to the serious and successful efforts of some earnest Catholics in Olyphant, Pa., who, encouraged by their pastor, Rev. Patrick Murphy, are engaged in raising \$250 for the *Vénard Student Fund*. Since our last issue the circle promoters, Mrs. K. L. Stone and Mrs. J. R. McHall, brought together so many friends that a hundred-dollar check arrived soon afterwards at Maryknoll.

The *Maryknoll Auxiliary* held its fifth and sixth meetings of the season (October-May) on Friday, February 18, at 3:30 P. M., and on February 25 at the same hour. Both meetings, which took place at the Sacred Heart Academy, Madison Ave., New York City, closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Auxiliary includes active

THE FIELD AFAR lost an ardent worker for the cause in Miss Louise Power, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., who succumbed to pneumonia last New Year's Day. Her life had been dedicated to God's service and she was ever a "helping hand in the dark" to many seekers after light. She was a gifted artist and poet. May her soul rest in peace!

and associate members, and its special purpose—a privileged one, as these women feel—is to supply the personal needs of young aspirant apostles at Maryknoll. Under the presidency of Mrs. Ada Mary Livingston, a long-trying and glowing soul, with Mrs. Henry W. Taft as the efficient secretary, the organization has been working quietly to extend among its friends an appreciation of foreign missions in general and of Maryknoll in particular. It does not, as a body, promote any social activities. Its meetings occupy one short hour, which is devoted to reports of progress and to a talk, usually given by the Superior of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary, on some subject connected with the mission cause.

Active membership is limited at present, but information on the work of the Auxiliary will be sent to any one interested.

A MARIA MISSION CIRCLE IN MARYLAND.



A secluded farm in Western Maryland basked in the sunlight of an autumn afternoon. Within the farmhouse a very small, barefoot boy rolled contentedly over the sitting-room floor. The boy's name was Andrew.

Andrew was exceedingly happy at the moment. It was an exceedingly happy day. Usually at that hour the boy's baby sister would be taking her afternoon nap in the sitting-room, his mother and his big sister would be mending, ironing, or preserving, and Andrew, perhaps, would be bringing potatoes for supper or carrying water to Father and the other workers in the fields, for this was a busy farm and even little hands had their allotted tasks.

The day at hand, however, was different. Andrew was wearing his best blouse. There was a delightful rest from chores. Mother's hands were folded and her face was very glad. Sister was arranging rows of crisp, crusted pies in the pantry. There had been chicken for dinner, and an after-

noon excursion along the grape arbors and through the orchards in search of the first ripe fruit.

All this was owing to Grandmother. Placid, white-haired Grandmother had come for a long-promised visit. And with her was a lady from the city.

In small-boy fashion Andrew listened to the conversation of the elders, and presently his brow puckered. The talk had drifted to mission work, and to worrisome tales of boys and girls away off in other countries, who did not know about God nor Heaven nor the angels, and who didn't even seem to have any mothers to love them. The city lady was telling about some *Circles*, the *Maria Mission Circles*, which were trying to send aid to those little strange children.

"Literally thrown into the streets, at the mercy of beasts," the city lady was saying. "Poor, unbaptized creatures, dying by thousands! And such a little help will save so many there! Wouldn't it be dreadful, Andrew," with a smile that made a body want to quit squirming, "wouldn't it be dreadful to be cold and hungry and have no one to love you?"

"Yes, Miss," Andrew responded quickly, playing with the hem of his mother's apron.

"Would it not be a fine idea to give a bit out of that pretty bank of yours to help one of those children?"

"No, Miss." This answer was no less prompt. It was one thing to feel sorry for hungry boys away off beyond the farthest hill, but a very different thing to send them money out of his own red bank. Andrew had picked berries under the hot sun for that money. He was a thrifty German boy. He did not believe in taking good money out of the bank.

"Not even a dime?" the lady went on.

"Nuh!"

"What will happen to those little dying boys and girls if we do not help them?"

"They'll have to die, I guess." Andrew directed a very deliberate attempt toward catching a fly that buzzed over his head. He was sorry the lady had told him about those boys who had nothing to eat. He did not want them to be hungry. At the same time, he was not going to give them his hard-earned money. They would have to pick berries themselves for some money! With which conclusion he landed the fly and put it out the doorway.

"Andrew dear, some of them are tiny babies like Sister. Suppose Mama's baby had nothing to eat."

Andrew took a quick look at the city lady; then his eyes sought the cot whereon Baby lay sleeping—won-

derful, pink-toed baby Sister, all in white. This was different.

"I'll give them a dime," Andrew said slowly, drawing nearer to the cot. "Oh, dear boy," Grandmother broke in, "only a dime? You ought to give a quarter anyway. A dime is such a little bit!" Grandmother's idea of money values did not agree with Andrew's.

It was half an hour later that Andrew slipped to the side of his mother, who was standing near the bureau wherein was guarded the precious red bank. There was a whispered consultation and a rattling of coin. Then the boy approached the lady from the city.

"I'll give them this quarter." Andrew's figure was very erect as he spoke.

The battle was over, the victory won. Andrew was a missionary. Twenty-five baskets of berries he had picked under the hot sun to earn that quarter. And now the quarter was gone—sent to save yellow babies who had no mothers to love them and who did not know anything about God nor Heaven nor the angels.

An elder brother standing near, donated a nickel and big Sister, coming from the kitchen, added a dime to the collection. Whereupon Andrew counted joyfully that if a dime would save one baby, they now had enough money for four.

Ideas developed quickly under the guidance of the lady from the city. Would it not be wonderful to let the little foreign children have a regular share in the money earned on the farm! Andrew had room for nine rows of potatoes in his plot of ground. Yes, he felt sure that by getting Father to plow closer to the fence, he could squeeze in a tenth row for the mission children. Thus they could have the money and it would not cost him anything but a bit more of work. And Grandmother said, too, that all the crops on the farm would probably do better on account of that extra row planted for the mission children.

Evening settled over the farm. Andrew was asleep. Father drove to town with Grandmother and the lady from the city. Mother went with them as far as the foot of the lane, then returned slowly and thoughtfully in the twilight. It seemed to her that a new seed had been sown on the farm that day.

Christmas time brought to the farmhouse a gift-book from the city lady—*Stories from The Field Afar*—and with it a letter. "The plan to start a *Maria Mission Circle* in your home," she wrote, "will undoubtedly work great good; and it is really very simple."

Autumn has come again to the se-

cluded farm in Western Maryland. The work for the missions is bearing its first fruit. There are ten rows of potatoes in Andrew's plot, and he is going to give to the foreign children, not the row next to the fence, but the longest row. This is because Grandmother has said that giving to those strange little children is like giving to the Infant Jesus, and always we must give the Infant Jesus our best.

Fortnightly there is a lull in the round of farm life. Father lays aside his evening pipe and Andrew brings to Mother the yellow book of mission stories from the parlor stand. Andrew's eldest sister is hemming a set of altar-linens for a mission chapel.

Half a dozen goslings, a dozen chicks, and the whitest lamb in the woolly fold have been carefully marketed this year for the benefit of the missions. The prettiest spotted calf down in the meadow is to be sold for the same purpose.

The boys are interested in learning from their Geography just what sort of trip a missionary would take, starting from Western Maryland. Andrew already knows the route as far as Baltimore.

The mother smiles happily as she notes the quick willingness to give back to the good God from the fullness of His gifts.

The *Maria Mission Circle* is doing its work. G. V. M.

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Wanted—a wall-clock for the Vénard—one that leads a regular life.

In our little Seminary Chapel we have Solemn High Mass every Sunday. The Tabernacle Society (Notre Dame) of Cincinnati has supplied us with a set of green vestments and intends to surprise us with one of red. We haven't the courage to ask them for more, but we still lack sets in black and white.

Fr. Gavan Duffy adds this bow to the tail of our kite:

Wanted—
A set of the Catholic Encyclopedia;
A football;
A harmonium.
All destined for India!



